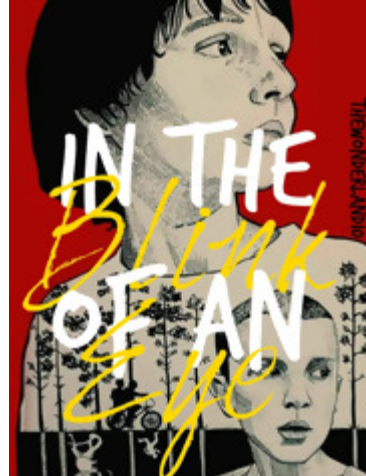




In The Blink Of An Eye by TheWonderland10

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Summary: "Guess you won't care if I hit them then? I get bonus points, I'll get 'em in one go?" "No Billy stop, it's not funny! NO!" What if Max didn't grab the steering wheel at the last minute? How will she handle the fact that her stepbrother had hurt the only ones she could call friends? NOT DEATH-FIC, ONE-SHOT Maybe a 2 shot

1. Chapter 1

HEADS UP: My friend really likes when Mike is in danger because he likes when Eleven - Jane goes completely Berserk and she uses her powers, so yeah, there might be a lot of stories that I write that involve Mike and danger because he likes to request stories XD!

Okay, I know I'm working on *Why Him* so I should focus more on that, which I am but my friend requested another story, this time a one-shot unless you want it to be a two-part, depending on how I end it, but with my one-shots, I like to add the information in the Author's note. So if you want to just skip over and enjoy the one-shot!

OH! I changed the beginning but the conversation in the car will still be the same

Summary: "Guess you won't care if I hit them then? I get bonus points, I'll get 'em in one go?" "No Billy stop, it's not funny! NO!" What if Max didn't grab the steering wheel at the last minute? How will she handle the fact that her stepbrother had hurt the only ones she could call friends? NOT DEATH-FIC, ONE-SHOT

Rated T for blood and swearing

Mileven! If there's a second part

Max watched the kids pour from the school as the final bell ring, releasing the kids from their almost seeming 'imprisonment'. Since she just moved here, she really didn't know anybody except those stalker boys that followed her everywhere. Yet, she was actually starting to get used to the little team. Just as long as her brother didn't find out who approved of nothing!

Speaking of her brother, he technically wasn't her brother, fourtently. He was a stepbrother after her mother had found a new boyfriend that was accompanied by the piece of shit that couldn't get his damn head out from his nasty ass. He was always smoking

cigarettes, playing with his lice filled hair. He thought he was the hottest piece of shit in the toilet with his fancy car and his ear piercings while Max just sat there thinking he was nothing more than some useless bimbo that couldn't tie his own damn shoelaces.

He was a fucking idiot and the worst part was, he flirted with half of the women to get something he wanted. Of course, there were countless times he had gotten turned down back in California but here, people thought he was a damn god. She would put money on it that his ego made his already tiny dick look like a fucking crumb placed next to Mount Everest. Even bet more money that it was the actual size. Shit, life-size.

The rumble of an engine woken her from her ranting, the familiar blue car pulling in her view, some kids running out the way of his destructive path.

"That's what you get you fuckin' nerds!" Billy said, his palm pressing firmly on the horn, scaring the two boys run off, dropping their books. Max couldn't help but roll her eyes as she picked up her skateboard and swinging her backpack strap over one shoulder and heading to the car as her brother watched with his murderous eyes. Once Max closed her door and set her items on the floor, Billy's foot pressed onto the gas pedal, leaving the school parking lot in a flash, the tire smoke climbing rapidly in the air as he drove away.

Down an empty road, the car roared as it appeared, the two occupying it, was silent, yet, Max could feel her brother's eyes upon her.

"God, this place is such a shithole," He says, killing the silence. Max looked out the window, scoffing in her mind. *Yeah, like you. You belong here.* She said angrily in her mind.

"It's not that bad," Max responds, looking at him.

"No?" His fingers reached for the buttons, rolling down Max's window. The redhead looking at him then to the scenery. "You smell that, Max? That's actually shit." Billy empathized by plugging his nose and glancing at her, but she didn't return the gaze instead, she just rolled her eyes before glaring at her brother. "Cow shit."

"I don't see any cows," Max said. *Scratch that, one is sitting in the driver seat.* She thought once more. Instead of putting herself in more shit with him, she decided to keep her mouth shut as she rolled up her window.

"Clearly, you haven't met the High-School girls." Max turned her head, rolling it over the seat as she glanced out the windshield. Looking at his sister, he scoffs. "So what, you like it here now?"

"No."

"Then why are you defending it?"

"I'm not!" Max yelled, looking at him, even though he didn't look at her.

"Sure sounds like it." Max turned her eyes away, her lips parted as she glanced at her lap. What a fucking dickhead, jeez, she'd like this place if he wasn't in it. That was for sure.

"It's just we're stuck here, so..."

"Hmm. You're right, we're stuck here." Billy looks at her. "And whose fault is that?" Max raises her eyebrow and looks away.

"Yours." She muttered.

"What'd you say?" He looks at her, his hand clutching the steering wheel a little tighter.

"Nothing." He looked away, licking his lips.

"Did you say it's my fault?"

"No." The topic was extremely touchy for Max. Her father was no longer in her life and she was stuck with asshole and a man that looked more like the pubes of an asscrack than a normal human being. Even the mention of whose fault it was, she had to bite back her tears.

"You know whose fault it is," He looked once again at her. "Say it." He received no answer. "Max...say it." With no answer again, his body

twisted, moving closer to her in the blink of an eye and screaming. "SAY IT!" The problem with him was that he tried to act like a tough guy, but all he was, was nothing more than a useless piece of trash. She ignored him, which caused him to move back in his seat angrily and pick up the speed. He hits the steering wheel, suddenly lost in his music as Max looks down, lost in thought about her father and why they moved.

So lost in thought, that she didn't look up fast enough to see the car inches from hitting a group of bikes.

Breaking the silence, Billy smiled with an evil smirk, hoping that he could scare her into saying what he wanted to hear.

"Hey, guess you won't care if I hit them. I get bonus points, I'll get 'em in one go!"

"No Billy stop, it's not funny!" As she cried out, the sound of bikes hitting a metal car, stilled her. What was even worse was that she watched as the bodies flew in different directions, luckily away from the path of the car. "NO!" She screamed, looking back at her soon-to-be friends, realizing that they were moving, actually, that she was moving. Noticing that her brother was still driving from the limp kids and their discarded bikes, she turned the wheel, twisting it left, aiming the car at a tree, causing Billy to stop.

"WHAT THE HELL!" Max yelled. She quickly grabbed the handle of the door, opening it before Billy could lock it as she ran to the three young kids. She noticed how blood had smeared on the pavement, how bruised and ripped their clothes were. She also took notice on the machines that were tied on their backs, they had managed to fly from their owners and shatter into millions of pieces.

If she didn't get help soon, they could die, yet, if she left, who knows what would happen. She really had no idea what she could do in a situation like this, she's *never* been in a situation like this. There were some houses but they were down farther on a field, which if she ran to, she wouldn't probably make it.

That's when she had an idea. She turned her head, finding her brother standing outside of the car, his arms up in question, a scowl

present on his face. This was her one and only choice, hopefully, it would work as well as she hoped.

Quickly, Max headed for the car, aiming for the driver side. Without thought, she pushes her brother to the ground and entering the car.

"MAX!" His voice echoed as she locked the car doors, keeping her brother out as she put the car in drive and making a smooth U-turn, careful not to hit the already unconscious boys. Busting through a fence, Max stepped on the gas pedal, the house in the distance rapidly growing as it got closer. She smiled as she spotted another car in the driveway before exiting the car and running up the door, her fists furiously beating into the wooden barrier.

It felt like forever but the door finally opened, revealing a husband and wife with confused looks on their faces, their eyes darting to their damaged yard and the little girl who seemed alone.

"Uh, did you drive here by yourself?" The woman asks, stepping out from the house to get closer to the young girl in front of her.

"Please, you have to call the police and the hospital, my brother- he hit some kids on bikes and it's bad. I need your help!" Max yelled, the adults suddenly looking worried at her story.

"Call Hopper, Jason!" The wife called, the husband- *Jason* ran towards his kitchen and dialing a certain number. Max listened to the mumbled of the man's voice, her feet tapping against the wood impatiently. It wasn't long until the husband appeared back at the doorway, nodding once, meaning that they were on their way. "We have to go back with her." The wife said, which was easily agreed. The three filled the car, this time the older woman taking control of the vehicle as she speeds out her driveway and to the incident.

Hopper sighed as he finally got home, dropping his truck keys on the counter before his eyes searched for a certain girl.

"How was your day, El?" He asked, finding her on the couch, curled in many blankets watching a random channel that she had found no interest in but didn't feel like searching for anything else.

"The same." She mumbled. Hopper was happy that she was starting to learn more words and formulate sentences that make actual sense. After being in captivity for her whole life, she never heard many words so Hopper was always glad to come home and have her read pages of books out loud while he helped with defining them.

"Ah, what are we watching?" As he asked, he sat next to Eleven on the couch, causing the girl to smile. She liked him, he took care of her, of course, she couldn't leave but she felt she had another papa. A better one that actually let her feel *almost* human.

"I don't know, actually." She said, more confident with her words.

"Mmm." Suddenly a static voice echoed around the room, the name "Hopper" being called out, startling Eleven and Jim. The man groaned and walked to the machine, lifting up his two-way radio. His large fingers dug into the button before responding. "This is him."

"Chief, a call just came in, three boys involved in a car accident. They have the man who did it and the ambulance is already on its way. Looks like the kids were on bikes." Jim looked at Eleven, her face was easy to read. The dead expression was plastered all over her face. Knowing what she was thinking, he sighed.

"It could be any kids," He reassured, hoping that if it was them, she'd still stay home and she wouldn't be as stressed. Yet, knowing his luck.

"Sir, they're the age of fourteen, we just got information in from a young girl named Max. She says their names are Dustin, Lucas, and Michael. Should I contact their parents or would you like too?" Jim had so many swear words to spit, the fact that he saw El's body freeze in complete panic in the corner of his eye and that those three kids were just involved in a car accident.

He clicked the button and mumbled, "Call them."

"Sorry, what sir?"

"Call them!" He yelled, knowing all the shit that was going down. He had to be there, and he knew why his cop member asked if he was going to tell the parents, mostly because he was the chief and he

always handled situations like this, but the news was broken right in front of El, which was a major problem because he didn't want her near any authorities or complete strangers, who knows what will happen. Hanging up the walkie-talkie, he headed for his coat and keys, slipping the leather over his back and arms as Eleven stood.

"I'm coming with." She said.

"No, you need to stay here where it is safe."

"Mike," She simply said. "Mike is hurt. I'm going with."

"What if someone sees you!? What if you go missing again!?"

"I can hide in the woods, I want to go. My friends are hurt!" Her voice grew as she stepped closer to the man, determination shining in her eyes. Jim knew how stubborn she was, if he said no, she'd sneak out and probably put herself in more danger than he wanted, so really he had to look at his options before he answered.

"Fine, you can come, but you stay in the truck!" Eleven smiled widely as she ran out the door and to the passenger side of the deputy truck, Jim not that far behind.

Once in the car, he starts in and flicks the switch to turn on his lights before speeding down the lone road and pulled out his small pager.

"Give me the location," Hopper stated. **(I don't know the road names so I'm going to make it up)**

"Oxford Court, the car is blocking the road." The police chief said nothing more. He set the device down and sped up, taking quick glances at El who looked more nervous than anything. This was her first time seeing all her friends in a year, but the way she was meeting them was more depressing. Also, Hopper knew she was not going to stay in the car, in fact, he could already see it now, her running to the bodies and then he'd have to explain that she was their friend and that she was with him. Hopefully, the medical team understood and let her do as she pleased otherwise shit was going to go down.

It didn't take that long to reach the street, the ambulances falling

behind him. The two vehicles raced down the street, alerting Max and the two adults that had piled the bikes near the curb as they watched over the young boys who slowly bled out onto the pavement.

Hopper's truck and the three ambulances pulled up smoothly, Hopper, Eleven, and all the nurses hopped from their trucks and running to the scene. The two adults that were accompanying Max, moved her and themselves out of the way. Revealing Billy tied to a tree with his own belt and other pieces of rope that were found in his trunk. The little red-head headed to her brother and knelt to his level with a fierce glare.

"You deserve this!" She spat before watching the team of doctors surrounds the three kids. As Hopper headed to the young man tied to the tree, he had gotten a good look at the three boys, their bodies battered in bruises and cuts, blood soaking their Halloween costumes and some blood crushed in their hair. They looked terrible.

However, as Eleven spotted who she was looking for, she studied his body as the someone put an air mask around his lips and nose. She watched in sad remorse as they stated his condition, quickly stripping him of his dirt and grime filled clothing, finding a white tank top and a blue pair of boxers underneath. The other assigned doctors doing the same to Dustin and Lucas, their bodies almost painted in red which caused her eyes to water.

These were her friends, the ones that saved her, understood her and she could lose them in a blink of an eye.

Her head turned to find the sheriff talking to a young man, getting every detail as a red-haired girl had also filled Jim in. Almost too quickly, Hopper untied the man and pulled him up, quickly handcuffing him. It wasn't long until Jim and Eleven made eye contact, he saw the hurt written on her face, which had hurt him too. He couldn't keep her from the hospital either.

Eleven turned her attention back to the three boys. Their limp forms being lifted on gurneys as blankets covered their chilled bodies. Her eyes caught sight of black hair rested on a pillow, she watched as he was quickly rolled to the back of the ambulance as a woman attached

a blue ball of air to his mouth, squeezing it to help him breathe.

Then her eyes wandered to Dustin, his arm was dislocated which took most of the doctors' attention while others had done the same they had done to Mike, helping him breathe. That worried Eleven. She didn't know exactly what they were doing but she heard the conversations. Their yells of 'he isn't breathing by himself' or 'he needs medical attention right away' even some of 'He's bleeding out' and by what she knew, they were dying. Even Lucas was in a terrible condition she could see how tense the boy was, how he looked like he was about to scream in pain and just burst even though his eyes were closed and his lips were sealed.

The presence of another person had taken her from her staring as she softly turned her head to the person who was invading her space. That same red-head she saw by Hopper.

"Who are you?" She asks, breaking the ice already. Yet, Eleven said nothing. "Do you talk?" Eleven looked at her with a straight face.

"Yes."

"What are you doing here? You okay?" Eleven looked back at the ambulances finally being loaded.

"Mike," El mumbled.

"You know them?"

"They are my friends," El said softly, her eyes catching Hopper loading Billy in the back of the truck, locking the doors as he waved Eleven over. The said girl glanced at the unknown girl beside her. "Goodbye." She stated and ran off to the truck, looking at the rapidly leaving medical vehicles, the ones holding her friends.

Hopper glanced at the other young girl, watching the tow truck towing off her brother's car. He sighed and headed over to the girl who started walking, forgetting her skateboard in her brother's car.

"Follow me, kid, I'll give you a ride home," Hopper said, motioning Eleven from where he stood to scootch in the middle, which she did. Max looked at the girl then the policeman, nodding slowly as she

followed him to the truck, the road that held the crime scene now becoming empty as Hopper sped off.

Eleven was lost in her mind, the upset feeling bubbling in her stomach.

She needed to make a promise, something that she would never break no matter what.

To protect her friends, until she lived.

No one will ever hurt the ones she cared about, again.

Ever.

So that is the end.... Maybe?

If you guys want a second part where they are in the hospital I will gladly do so. Hope you enjoyed and see y'all later

WONDERLAND OUT!

2. Chapter 2

Alright part 2 and shout outs! Yay!

Shout-outs:

Phieillydinyia: What I wrote kinda made me laugh too Lmao and I'm working on it I promise writers block sort of... lol enjoy chapter 2!

Thebigsnail: Lol thank you! I give the idea credit to my friend and here is what you wanted :D Part 2!

Candy95: Thanks! I try to be as funny as I can. Right, like I feel so bad for the people that face those problems. Again, thank you.

Mileven4lyfe: I like your username! And here you are :)

SSJGamerYT: Here's part 2, thanks for reading!

CDsis: here it is, thank you and you're welcome lol.

Me: Thank you!

Guest 1: Lol here ya go!

Guest 2: Thank you for reading!

Guest 3: :) Hope you enjoy part two

Now onto part 2!

Eleven pushed through the wide, white doors of the hospital. Looking around the waiting room finding people sitting in chairs, magazines clutched tightly in their hands while others had blankets curled around their bodies, slouched in the leather chairs.

However, she didn't see Mike. Finding more doors, seeming to her access. Eleven ran, and she didn't stop when she heard the calls of

Hopper's voice, she didn't even take notice of the woman screaming for her to stop. El looked through every window, examining everyone's features but finding no Mike.

It wasn't long before she started to scream, catching many eyes as she cried out for him. Her head turning rapidly as she looked around, ignoring the questioning gazes.

"Mike?! Mike! MIKE!"

Eleven didn't hesitate when they finally reached the hospital, after dropping off Billy at the police station and listening to the chief dish out charges, Eleven had grown more anxious when Hopper, Max, and herself loaded into the car. She knew Max was coming with, really, she had no idea why. Unless Max knows her friends. Were you even supposed to share the people you love? She didn't want to share Mike or her friends, to be honest, she really had no idea if she should or not. Would it be rude to keep people to yourself?

Suddenly she got lost in the abyss of her mind, ignoring everything around her. Her mind wandering to the incident she had seen her friends in, to what she would expect to see at the hospital. Yet, her mind had helped her, leading to her to a certain door. Suddenly, the world behind her disappeared as she pushed open the door, the doctors acting like she wasn't even there. She headed towards the bed and glancing at the quickly pacing doctors and nurses.

"What is happening?" She mumbled, the people not hearing a single word. Her eyes darted to a screen, the line running flat as the annoying, continues beeping sound was heard. What does that mean? Deciding to speak up again, she looked at another man, maybe he might hear her. "Why is it making that sound? What does this mean?" Again, she received no verbal answer but more of a visual one. A white cloth covering his body fully as the doctor pulled out the plugs. Their facial expressions explained everything.

Mike was gone.

She had lost *her* Mike, forever.

The powerful girl ran out from the room, her eyes shut tightly as she

pushed open the door before letting out another ear piercing scream before her eyelids opened, showing her brown colored eyes.

Instead of finding the familiar hallway of the hospital, she notices how the soft feeling of cushion met her butt, the rumble of an engine echoing in her ears as she looked at the redhead and her papa beside her. The busy parking lot lined with cars, leading to the large building, black letters line on the roof, spelling out "Hawkin's Hospital".

El didn't know what to feel, her mind had tricked her to believe that she was already there, that Mike had died and she never got to say goodbye. What about Dustin and Lucas, she never even got to see them either. Yet, she was finally here and that image could have been just created by fear which meant Mike may still have a chance at living!

Once Hopper pulled the keys out from the ignition, the nameless redhead hopped out, leaving the door open for Eleven to crawl out while Jim got out from the other side, the three not wasting any time to enter the hospital and to the all familiar waiting room that Eleven had seen in her mind.

"Wait here," Hopper ordered gently as Max sat in a chair while Eleven stepped up to Hopper.

"But my friends." She mumbled, the lady behind the desk waiting for their conversation to end.

"I know, just please wait," Hopper added and gestured for Eleven to sit, which she did. He turned back to the lady, her smile present as he leaned on the counter, talking lightly. Since she really couldn't hear the words Jim and the lady spoke, Eleven just watched as their lips moved, Hopper glancing back at Eleven, making slight eye contact.

"So, how do you know them?" Max said, easing the silence. Eleven looked at the girl, her eyes almost boring into her soul.

"They helped me," Eleven said simply without telling what actually they all went through. She didn't fully trust this girl and really, no one needed to know about anything. Besides, people would be in

danger like Hopper had told her. So, her knowledge of everything was out of the question. "My friends." She said once again.

"Oh," Back to the uncomfortable silence, the two girls avoided eye contact, Max thinking about the two words that this curly haired girl had said. *Friends*. Max really didn't have any friends, not here. Thinking about it, she was actually getting used to having the four stalkers in her life and smiled at how amusing they are. Also, if they were friends with her, Max would be surprised because she had never seen this other girl around which was weird. If she and the little nerd gang were friends, then where was she? Maybe if Max got to know her, she could get all the answers to her questions. "I'm Max," Max said.

Eleven glanced back at her. "El," She mumbled. Before Max could ask what it was short for, Hopper headed to the seats and sitting in the open seat beside Max. El leaned forward in her chair, getting a good look at him. "Can I see them?"

"Each family is visiting them right now. I want to give them some time with their children before we barge in."

"Are they alive?" Max interrupted. "At least okay?"

"Yes. Dustin has to go into surgery, Lucas just needs stitches and Mike needs help breathing until he can do it on his own. So, they'll be in for a little bit." As Hopper explained their condition, he noticed the Wheeler family heading out from the doors, the parent's eyes catching Hopper's causing them to change their direction to him. Nancy caught sight of Eleven, gasping quietly as she looked away.

"Hopper," Mrs. Wheeler said.

"Are you here to tell me that I-"

"You better have that son of a bitch!" She cursed. Hopper nodded, giving her a confirmed answer. "Good," she spat. "Thank you." And she left with her family. After watching the family leave and ignoring the glances El had received by Nancy, the young girl stood from her chair and looked firmly at Hopper. His single nod had made Eleven's lips twitch into a small smile.

"Room 242!" Hopper yelled as she ran off, Max staying behind before she faced anyone, thinking most of it was her fault.

El didn't know what to think when she saw the exact door that Hopper said to find, the one holding Mike inside. She traced the numbers painted on the wall and mumbled them quietly before pushing open the door and walking slowly into the room, a monitor beeping steadily as the sounds of his deep breaths being helped with a small clear mask over his nose and mouth.

Eleven sighed as she got a clear view of him. His still body being supported by a bed and his hands lying at his sides. His arms painted in scratches and large bruises. His face not looking any better. Luckily a chair was already perfectly placed by his bedside so when she sat on it, her hand grabbed his. The cold feeling chilling her bones.

"Hi Mike," She said softly. "It's been so long. I heard everything and I'm okay, but you're not. I'm sorry Mike, I miss you." She played with his fingers, her eyes watering as she looked at the clear mask covering his kissable lips. At least her fantasy was nothing more than a nightmare. He was alive and he was going to get better. Yet, he wasn't waking, he wasn't helping her.

Her fingers slipped between his, the feeling bringing more comfort to her. She hasn't seen him in so long and it broke her, it *killed* her. Stabbing her every day, the feeling of missing him acted as the knife. Seeing him in the void but not being able to touch him, not being able to hold him close and tell him that she was there and was okay had torn her to shreds, the deep claws of loneliness was mentally scarring her. However, those scars started fading slowly as she saw the rise and fall of his chest in person, her hand caressing his wild hair.

With him, she felt like she was healing, she felt like he was the medicine to her problems.

A certain soft moan and pulled Eleven from her thoughts, her fingers being felt by his own as his eyes fluttered open.

To her, it looked like Mike had no idea what to expect when he

woken. Clear signs of wincing at the pain and his slight panic at the sight of the hospital room. However, when his eyes drifted in her direction, the weakness that was there was suddenly replaced with shock and happiness despite the condition he was in currently.

"Hi, Mike," Eleven said, this time not mumbling like she usually does, instead, her voice was clear and was able to be heard. She was greeted with a warm smile. He couldn't really communicate clearly, the mask muffling his voice, besides, his voice was like guttural moans so talking was out of the question especially when it hurt to even yawn.

His fingers laced with her's as she smiled happily, leaning closer to him, her eyes watering.

"I missed you." His whispered voice echoed. Realizing that he should at least say a few things, even though he didn't like the fact of how stupid he had sounded. Eleven smiled, her tears wetting her cheeks.

"You're hurt." Mike couldn't say anything. He really hadn't tried to get hurt. He wanted to enjoy Halloween by trick-or-treating with his friends but he'd be spending time in the hospital. The young boy simply nodded and took a deep breath, his chest burning. "I don't like it when you are hurt," Eleven mumbles.

Michael chuckled and squeezed her hand, loving the feeling. "Me-me neither."

"Mike." The said boy turned his focus from the plain wall to her, smiling as she caressed his arm. "Do you love me?" She said. Learning really what love meant when it wasn't her family.

"Of course I do! Do you love me?" He said with a quiet laugh.

"Yes," Eleven said happily.

"Promise?" He added with a smile. Eleven nodded and kissed his forehead.

"Promise."

Rough ending guys. Sorry, just a lot on my mind throughout the process of writing this.... Anyways, hope you enjoyed this little book and look out for another chapter of Why Him. Maybe I may re write the book because I did no planning what so ever XD. Maybe I might do one shots.

OH DID I SCARE YOU IN THE BEGINNING!?

WONDERLAND OUT!